The Collegian

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE

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TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR

T. WILLARD GATES - - - - - - EDITOR
FRANCIS P. BOLAND - - - ASST. EDITOR

. . EDITORIALS . .

CONCERNING ROLLINS COLLEGE

New ideas in almost every walk of life hold the public eye from day to day. At present, rather outstanding in the limelight are the new ideas concerning education placed in practice at the new Rollins College at Winter Park in Florida.

To quote its President, Hamilton Holt, when asked what he was trying to do, this reply was forthcoming:

"What am I trying to do to the American College? The answer is very simple. I am trying to make a college that does not confuse greatness with bigness."

The movement under way is to make Rollins an institution of restricted numbers. Enrollment is limited to 700, of which it is planned to have about 400 men and 300 women. This tends to make equipment and the size of the faculty easier to calculate.

Regarding the faculty, positively no research workers will be had on it. They rather distract than inspire. Only men whose personality will be likely to inspire the students are wanted.

Also, the lecture and recitation system of instruction so much in vogue in colleges throughout the United States, has been rejected as impractical. Holt thinks this smacks too much of spoon-feeding. In its place has been substituted what is termed the Two-Hour Conference Plan. By this the morning and afternoon are divided into two two-hour periods, in which the students work in intimate contact with their instructors. By this, the maximum co-operation and contact between the student and professor is obtained, together with the impact of the instructor's personality on the pupil's mind.

And this is the gist of the Rollins College Movement. Summing the entire thing up, it is nothing more than a small co-educational college, possessing a faculty of finished teachers, and an educational system of personal contact between student and instructor. And how will the ideals of this "pacemaker towards Utopia" among the American Colleges fare? Only time will tell.

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW

What's wrong with the world? The air is stilled, blue skies are overhead, and the sun beams warmly down. The professors nod over the musty pages of their books, and deliver lectures rendered unintelligible with yawns. The student on the other hand, dodges as many classes as he can, until his legitimate number of "cuts" is exhausted. Finally, with self-preservation uppermost in his mind, he forces his lagging feet to lead him to the lecture room, only upon arriving there to doze peacefully.

Women stalk daintily by in light, soft clothing. Men stalk heavily by in their shirt sleeves, with collars open. Diners-out have orange juice for breakfast, and salads for luncheon and dinner. Office boys get together and cudgel their brains for new and effective excuses to substitute for the "grandmother" ruse, to enable them to get off for the initial League baseball contest. Tots totter around barefoot, while mother looks up her old bathing suit to see if it has withstood the attacks of ravaging moths, and if it will do for another year.

And the nights—marvelously perfect. Under a star-bespeckled sky, the youth shows the maid that old, old phenomenon of the moon coming up. The park benches are filled with couples, which the flat-footed coppers choose to ignore, chuckling merrily to themselves as they swagger along their beats.

We ask you again—what's wrong with the world? Haven't you guessed it? Spring is here! Summer is a'comin' in!

NEWSPAPERS AND THE FUTURE

It is unwise to assume a pessimistic attitude toward the problems that face the rising generation, but it is almost too much at times to refrain from melancholy prognostications regarding the future. If current thought and discussion were expressed solely through the newspapers, then surely it would not be amiss to state that the period which will follow the present era of sensationalism will be something deplorable.

Although the activities of a man like Colonel Lindbergh are given headline space for months, this is the exception rather than the rule. The greater portion of the newspapers is made up of stories of eugenic babies, women marrying foreigners, and sensational murder details. All this is morbid. If a woman wishes to have children under conditions which we consider immoral, that is her affair—she will pay the penalty, for old Father Time is a far more effective preacher to women of this type than the most eloquent orator that ever lived. And if an American woman chooses to wed a man of another color, she is entitled to as much privacy as if she had married a man from her own country. The shocked protests and exclamations that arise at such an unusual occurence are foolish and nonsensical. It is given to each of us to work out his own destiny, and we wish to do so without interference from others; these people are seeking happiness in a way which may be wrong—we are certain that it is wrong—but we are not living their lives, we have enough trouble in finding happiness for ourselves. It is foolish, then, to spend so much time questioning the methods that others make use of in working out their destinies. More harmful than these is the spending of our reading time in the assimilation of the details of murder trials or trials of a more sordid nature.

Fortunately Life moves along channels that seem to be arranged competently, and while an institution as large as the newspaper may seem very important, and while it may actually affect a few years of history, it cannot be as influential as might appear on first glance. Life is essentially clean and wholesome, our present stage of scandal mongering will be outgrown like a child outgrows measles.

F. P. B.

TRANS-OCEANIC FOOLISHNESS

Emulators of Lindbergh are still at it. Attempts to span the Atlantic by air are still being made, in the face of the fact that the majority of cases have met with failure—and death! The most recent trans-Atlantic flight disaster has been the loss of the British fliers, Hinchcliffe and the Honorable Miss Mackey, with their monoplane, "The Endeavor."

Taking these flights into consideration, in the light of experiment and aid to the aviation industry, those of Lindbergh, Chamberlin and Byrd were not foolhardy, but entirely justifiable. The flight of Coli and Nungesser, the gallant Frenchmen who lost their lives in the attempt, we put in the same category. But the remainder of the trans-Atlantic attempts were spurred on by nothing less than the desire for glory and the pot of gold that goes with it. In Mrs. Grayson's case, this was most obvious. "The Dawn," her plane, on its initial start had been forced back. Because of some defect it would not rise above a certain height. Despite this warning of Providence, another start was made, and Mrs. Grayson and her companions went down on the "missing list."

Probably, following the fate of Hinchcliffe and Miss Mackey, such attempts will end. Let us hope so. On the Pacific Coast, the "Southern Cross," a giant monoplane, was heralded as going to attempt a trans-Pacific hop to Australia. Of late nothing more has been said concerning it. It seems that the men who were going to take the trip have profited by the fate of others, and desisted in their plans. They show sense. These trans-oceanic flights are possible as shown by the successful ones. But only in a small minority of cases. It is a gamble against death in the face of heavy odds. Until the aeroplane is more highly perfected, such flights should cease.

THE IRISH AND MONEY

It is not to be wondered at that Ireland was so long a time in securing even as much freedom as she now has when it is known that of the more than two hundred thousand persons who subscribed to the Irish bonds in 1920, only nineteen thousand in the entire United States have put in claims for their money. It seems that this money was intended to aid the Irish Republic, but when the Free State was formed, it reverted back to the givers. Apparently no one wants it.

In considering that Ireland has always had close relations with England, and that this nation is adjoining Scotland, the proverbial home of thrift, it is not to be wondered at that so far in their dealings, the Englishman has always had the upper hand. The Green Little Island has been called the Home of Saints and Scholars, and if we add Poets, the list will be complete—descriptive not only of what Ireland has accomplished in religion and science and literature, but also what she has not accomplished in this work-a-day world, for these people cannot be concerned in practical matters. The descendents of Irishmen in this country are continuing the traditions of their race.

F. P. B.

In the twelve national elections from 1876 to 1920, inclusive, Maine has had the Republican candidate once, New York and Indiana twice, and Ohio seven times, or more than all the other States combined. All in all, Ohio has nothing to complain about concerning Presidential candidates.

MY FRIEND, MR. B.

A. DE MARTINI

"The insistence upon the hard-and-fast, the almost insane devotion to what are known as the bald facts is a trend of modern culture we may call it, which contributes to the difficulty of getting a true picture of history. What is important in history, far more important than "bald" facts, are the undercurrents and the overtones. What I mean is that facts in themselves tell us nothing of history. They give us information, but as far as supplying us with any data of the motives and wellsprings of human action, the existence is ineffectual. Historians have attempted to put some general designation to various periods of history, but their ignorance of cause and effect make their efforts insufficient. Conclusions must be drawn from a mass of fact if history is to serve its purpose, but the conclusions must include an appreciation of all the fact, and the historian must absolve himself insofar as possible from prejudice. The historian must not decide points that are undecided by exaggerating the importance of facts that may perhaps prettily fit in with a preconceived viewpoint. What I mean is this. An economist who advances the theory that the true interpretation of history rests in a purely economic consideration of the facts, will include that which makes his case plausible. He may purposely or inadvertently, because of inherent prejudice, fail to give various facts their true importance. Recent advertising has made capital use of catchwords. The euphony that attaches to these slogans seem to give a quality that cause them to spread as wildfire. Many a product owes the greatest portion of its success to a clever catchword. We must beware of catchwords in history. They are misleading. Usually they result from an effort to include under one heading, quite inadequately, a very diversified period. The men who mould the character of the time; who direct the currents of the era, are, we would imagine, the deeper thinkers. Superficial thought only affects superficial people and then only in a mild way."

That was a long-winded speech of B—'s, and from sheer exhaustion he stopped to take a sip of his coffee. Usually I broke him off in his discussions with a question periodically put at various points which he had not made sufficiently clear. The man was so broad, so teeming with associations and at the same time so profound that more than once I am forced to confess he had me trying to figure out just what he did mean. Tonight he was proceeding at such a rapid rate that I was forced to let him go on. Not that he would have in the least resented an interruption, for he was wont to invite my questions. It was usually his way to pause and lift his head, after he had explained a point in waiting for me to shake my head as a signal for him to go on. It is my emotional temperament which impels me to wish upon you a modicum of the unbounded enthusiasm which the little voluble fellow filled me with for him. I had gone to college, met men of high attainment and broad culture, but I recall no one who impressed me precisely in the same way that B— did. It was certainly his ability to speak upon a wide range of subjects with an uncommon understanding, although I admit that was a rare achievement. That, however, was not what seemed to affect me in such a manner that I bubble over with admiration for the man months after he spoke to me. The freshness remains and even now I can see him with all the vitality and energy which was crowded in his little spirit. He was an artist in the truest sense of the word. His pauses, the raising and lowering of his voice, the sense of conviction he radiated to his listeners, the sparkling keen deep blue eyes and innumerable other characteristics, all harmonized to make B— the exceptional man that he was when I sat there in his room in the fresh hours of the morning listening to him, no matter how much beyond my ken he would go.

His philosophy of history he seemed convinced of, not in a tenacious, unyielding way, but more in the manner of a conviction that is born of deep insight—at least so it seemed to me.

He was particularly interested in the Rennaissance or, I should say, in the period that we designate by that name. I must not forget that the word is one of the catchwords he strenuously advised against, and if I am to be a true disciple I must practice his principles. Some of us have been ordained to lead and others to follow. Whatever we do we at least should try our humble best to do well. B— seemed to subscribe to Henry Adams' observations of Medievalism which called the thirteenth century one of unity because of a dominating unifying principle back of all human endeavor.

Adams had also noted that present times were multiple and impossible to analyze.

(B— will discuss a literary subject in the next issue)

RAMBLINGS

M. AIKIN

CALIFORNIA PLACE-NAMES

The train rolled to a stop, and the conductor came through the car shouting, "Los Gatos, Los Gatos Station."

"Los Gatos," repeated a stout little man in front of me—"What queer names you have out here!"

"There's nothing queer once you understand it," drawled his pardner, " 'Los Gatos' simply means 'the gates'—'the gates of hell,' you see, because it's so blame hot here."

Well, however ingenious was the explanation, gentle readers, you must not credit it, and surely you won't if you recall the commotion raised, some time back, concerning the gilded cats on the Santa Cruz highway. And so it is with a great many of our California place-names. The name "California" itself, is usually misinterpreted. We are told California was called so by the Spaniards, who likened the southern part of the State to a hot furnace—"calida forna." But "California," as the late Spanish novelist Blasco Ibanez, makes clear, is the country of "La Reina Califa"—of the Queen of the Amazons.

It is easy to appreciate the meaning of such a place-name as "Los Angeles," although from the way in which we pronounce it, anyone with Euclidian proclivities might infer it to mean "the angles." And perhaps the interpretation would not be altogether inappropriate, for all will agree that the Southern Metropolis "knows the angles" when it is a matter of boosting! But Los Angeles was originally called, "Puebla de Nuestra Santa Senora de Los Angeles"—"Town of our Lady of the Angels," and subsequently it was referred to simply as "Los Angeles," to distinguish it from another Pueblo de Los Angeles, which today is known as Pueblo, Mexico.

"Yerba Buena," the name alike of old San Francisco, and of the island in the bay, is not to be translated literally as meaning "good herb," but is the Spanish word for peppermint. And those who say that "San Diego" means "St. James," commit a sin that St. Didicus ought to avenge, for Santiago is St. James' city, and San Diego is the town of St. Didicus. "Alcatraz," another island in the San Francisco Bay, comes from an old Arabic word, and means "pelican." And Tamalpais—the "sleeping women," which rises beyond it, signifies "Tomal-land," or the Land of the Tomal Indians. Tomales, a little hamlet which lies somewhat in the shadow of the mountain, has, therefore, no relation to that savory Mexican dish, the "tamale." We feel sure that the aboriginal inhabitants had little knowledge either of tomales, or "pies."

On a clear day, looking through the Golden Gate about twenty miles to sea, you can discern the Farallone Islands. These were so named by reason of the lighthouses on them—and not, like O'Farrell street in San Francisco, after Jaspar O'Farrell, the engineer who originally laid out the streets of the city, lifting them abruptly over steep hills, and sinking them into percipitous valleys. Many of the district names in San Francisco have quaint old associations. Nob Hill, for instance, where the Bonanza Kings built their palaces, is the hill of the "nobs"—an early XIXth century English slang expression which is said to have implied the opposite of "snob." Rincon Hill was once the select "corner," or village, when San Francisco was divided into several settlements—the Mission, the Presidio, Yerba Buena, and the horse-corrals, otherwise known as the Potrero.

People who wish to show their knowledge, and their love of local color in an especial manner, are wont to allude to the Golden Gate as, "La Puerta de Oro." But as a matter of fact, the famous gateway owes its name not to Spanish fancy, but to the poetic imagination of Fremont who, upon entering the port at sundown in 1848, gave it the rather formidable Greek appellation of "Chrysophylae"—which, of course, is another way of saying "Golden Gate."

This brings us to another Greek word—a word which appears upon the Great Seal of the State of California, and which, no doubt, many people imagine means something in Spanish,—or possibly in Russian, like Sebastopol. Surely, we have all heard of Archimedes, the mathematician whom the Tyrant Hiero of Syracuse commissioned to test the quantity of gold in a crown which a certain goldsmith had fashioned him. They tell of Archimedes, that one day when he was all but despairing the king's charge, he decided to take a bath. As he got into the tub, he noticed how his body displaced a considerable amount of water, and quickly he thought of a test which could be performed, by imersing first the crown, and then an equal weight of pure gold—since both must displace an equal quantity of water. So taken was Archimedes with this idea, that he lept from the bath-tub and ran naked through the streets, shouting: "Eureka! Eureka!"—which is, "I have found it!" And it was "Eureka" in

"The days of old, the days of gold,
The days of forty-nine!"

WHAT-NOTS

F. BOLAND

Kipling has written a splendid little poem on the problem that has vexed mankind since the beginning of time,—what is art? Because he mentions the very human side of the problem, his poem is a good one; and because the problem is very human, it is being discussed today. Apparently it is a very simple matter to determine just what constitutes art, but a trip to any collection of paintings will quickly dissipate this idea. Many modern artists seemingly set out to intentionally confuse the minds of those of us who are unversed in the jargon of the galleries.

In the Legion of Honor Palace of San Francisco there is one painting that brings out this problem very clearly. Every gallery has representations that are questionable, but this particular work does more than bring up the question, it throws it at you! It is a picture of a cow that has been skinned and cleaned, ready for the final dissection when it shall become chops and steaks. What is the good of a thing like that? It may be that the painter did not call it "art," but if he did not, then why do it?

It seems to me that one infallible guide in this matter is,—where would you put it in your home? Where would you put this piece of meat? In your living room alongside of your Mona Lisa or Madonna? No! You would give it to your butcher and let him hang it where it belongs, with the rest of the beef.

It seems that even nature itself is conspiring to aid in the re-establishment of the Faith in England. A short time ago an old church, buried three miles out at sea, rose above the waves. This happened at Walton-on-the-Maze, on the east coast of England after a heavy storm and an exceptionally low tide had brought the church, submerged since 1398, into view. It disappeared again with the incoming tide.

The converts to Catholicism in England are increasing as time goes on, the dawn of the Second Spring of which Newman spoke does not seem far distant, and if we may believe in omens, this old church, rising again after so many centuries, is a symbol of that which is to come. It rose for a short time and disappeared, like the flowers that bloom before spring has really arrived, but just as they give sure promise of that which is to come, so this incident gives a promise of the dawn of that day when the true religion will again be at the fulness of its power.

Robert Louis Stevenson has it that every story must imprint at least one picture upon the imaginations of its readers that will remain with them. The picture is created at that point where the narrative powers of the writer are at their greatest. Thus it is that the attitude of the whole sory of Robinson Crusoe is, to Stevenson, illustrated by a picture of Crusoe leaning over the footprint in the send. The fear of God, of Nature and of man that pervades the entire book is embodied in that one pose of the man. And readers of the Nineteenth Century story teller find that the pose stamping home the story of "Treasure Island" is found in little Jim Hawkins running around the corner of the house into the enemy during the attack on the stockade. This is an unforgettable picture, driving home the entire novel like a photograph. It is one time where a writer followed the principles that he advocated.

Although Stevenson did not intend this as a test of the worth of a book so much as of the writer's narrative power, it could be applied to the former with this addition,—that the scene or incident be remembered automatically in time of need. Then you not only have the test of the ability of the author, and the worth of the book, but you also have its influence upon yourself. This test is not a complete one by any means, but combined with others, it will serve as a good index of how great an impression your reading makes upon you.

There is a principle that story tellers follow of not killing off the villain of the piece until the last chapter is reached, and in the meanwhile, preserving the hero as much as possible from shedding other people's blood. This may be all right in good literature, but western stories do not claim to be of this nature, so why should they follow these rules? Why not kill off a villain in the first chapter and bring up another in the next? Or why not have the hero spread death and destruction in even larger quantities than he does—the modern cowboys simply shoot a man in the leg or arm. You might as well kill a man as cripple him for life. Ten years ago these stories were not like this. Our age is becoming effeminate.

STAFF

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L. COMTE, '28 - - - - - - Drama
N. SULLIVAN, '28 - - - - - - Sports
E. HINES, '29 - - - - - - - Sports
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DRAMA

"CRADLE SNATCHERS"

Recently at the Fulton Theatre of Oakland was presented "The Cradle Snatchers," with Marjorie Rambeau as the principal feature of the cast. The play is a farce of the distinctly modern type. The story has to do with three middle-aged wives who plan to play bridge together while their husbands go hunting. It is soon discovered that the wives are suspicious of what their husbands are "hunting." Mutual gossip reveals that all three husbands have been taking young ladies of the flapper type to lunch. One of the wives has a plan to bring back the affection of the husbands; she produces a young college man who, for a consideration, is to take her to various public places; by this means she hopes to arouse the indignation and jealousy of her husband. The other wives think this an excellent plan, and young men are found for them also. The three couples proceed to get acquainted when the husbands unexpectedly return. Naturally they are indignant and the wives are very submissive. The sudden appearance of the three "flapper" companions of the husbands turn the tables against them. The play ends with the unanimous declaration of the wives that if the husbands can have their "flappers," they certainly can have their "cake-eaters."

From the brief summary given, it may be seen that the play is typical of many productions of today; it is a very modern farce of much color and movement. It will give pleasure to those who enjoy such exhibitions, but one certainly cannot include it in the category of plays and dramas. It is a sketch which will live a short life and soon join the numberless forgotten plays of past days.

The repartee is witty, the action constant, the suspense fine, and the interest strong; but these alone do not constitute a play. There certainly is nothing uplifting in the sketch; there is nothing else in it which would excuse one for calling it a drama. It was designed to be comical, but it has developed into boisterous humor. The average public enjoys and applauds such productions because it is generally unable to appreciate anything really worth while. It is sketches of this sort which degrade drama, placing it on a common level. Yet as long as the public patronizes such productions, we must necessarily tolerate them.

—W. W. K., '28.

"ARMS AND THE MAN"

It may seem odd that in two successive issues we should comment on plays by George Bernard Shaw—but it might be indicated that the work of Shaw is at least worthwhile, which is more than can be said of many playwrights.

Recently at the Little Theatre at the University of California, Shaw's "Arms and the Man" was so well received that an extra presentation of the play was necessary. This speaks well for the quality of the drama itself, and its interpretation by the actors. Shaw is very popular—in the last few months there have been no less than three of his plays presented in the bay district—of what other playwright might it be said the same?

"Arms and the Man" is a protest against war. Shaw has always been opposed to war, and this attitude made him fall into great disfavor during the World War. Shaw ridicules patriotism since he maintains that such fervor leads not to deeds of mighty valor, but to gross errors. The real soldier, says Shaw, is the mercenary who hires out his services to whatever country it is convenient. The native son is too apt to become over-enthusiastic. The experienced soldier is depicted as carrying chocolates instead of bullets, since he finds it infinitely more important to preserve his own life than to take away that of others. And Shaw also has a great deal to say concerning the "best people," family pretensions and pure-blooded nationality as a whole. But he says all this in such an amusing fashion that one enjoys it and realizes that there is a little truth in what he says, for he always exaggerates.

The plot has to do with Raina Petkoff, who is betrothed to Sergius, an officer of the home guard. Raina meets Captain Bluntschli, a member of the enemy forces, under rather unusual circumstances; she saves his life by feeding him chocolates and lending him her father's coat. After the war, Sergius returns home with the questionable glory of having lead the wrong kind of an attack at the wrong time, and being lucky enough to be victorious. The appearance of Captain Bluntschli, who has come ostensibly to return the coat, but really to have another look at Raina. Raina discovers that her glorious hero of a Sergius is not so wonderful after all. Bluntschli then proposes to Raina when he discovers that she is six years older than he thought; naturally he is accepted.

The Little Theatre produced the play well. The acting was very good, though Raina was perhaps a little too demure in her capacity as heroine, and Catherine Petkoff, the mother, was over-interpreted. —W. K., '28.

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BOOKS

LITERARY ART AND MODERN EDUCATION

By Francis P. Donnelly, S. J.

(P. J. Kennedy & Sons, N. Y., 1927)

"Literary Art and Modern Education" is a collection of essays which fall into two general groups; one upon humor and criticism in literature, the other, and larger, upon modern education. These groups are made up of short chapters on such subjects as humor, satire, Celtic influences, Church liturgy, intelligence tests,—and, although they have a greater unity than would first appear, they have a great deal less of unity than their author believes. The chapters are like drops of oil on water, all of the same material, but not joined together very well.

Father Donnelly does not begin his book in a very interesting fashion. He refers frequently to other writers, so frequently in fact, that some of the articles have the appearance of a collection of opinions with only an occasional word from the author to supply the unifying principle. This is a characteristic of the entire first portion of the book, and might cause an unkind person to remark that the Reverend Father is reluctant to advancing anything that has not been already brought to the light of day by other minds. These references are tolerable under certain conditions, but the whole tone of the book is lowered by his sage consideration of the opinions of such persons as Mencken, James Harvey Robinson, Mrs. Atherton, or of such a magazine as the "Popular Science Monthly." He loses dignity by chasing such will-o-the-wisps.

Perhaps this portion of the book is very readable because education is "shop" with so many of us. Everyone is interested in the many plans and schemes for instructing the young. Everyone has his favorite theories and ideas, and is only too ready to criticize the plans of others. Father Donnelly's system of education, therefore, while it is one of the best, has many drawbacks, grave drawbacks which he himself would have realized perhaps had he been less occupied in attacking the present system and eulogizing that of the past. His plan of teaching is the following:

"A sentence was explained that the student might write a sentence; a letter was explained that he might write a letter; a poem was explained that he migh write a poem, and a speech was explained that he might give a speech."

This is sound pedagogy, but it is only too easily carried to extremes; the study of a poem may easily fall into a mere analysis of feet and meter and general structure, destroying entirely the aesthetic appreciation of it as a whole. His system would not take into account the tremendous body of pseudo-literature that was not in existence at the time this plan, the Ratio Studiorum, was first put into practice, and which might be fostered on the student after leaving school. In order to combat the many distractions of modern life, the school must teach discrimination of choice as well as habits of good reading. It is doubtful if an intensive study of a few writers will create these habits.

It might seem from all this that the mistakes or examples of poor judgment made by Father Donnelly far outweigh the good points in his favor. This is not so, for every writer being but human, he is bound to make mistakes; and every critic, also, being but human, is bound to have great joy in finding these mistakes. Because of this undue emphasis is placed on the errors of an author. Father Donnelly possesses the art of interesting and so is well worthy of being read, he is well worthy too of the highest praise that can be given to the book of the hour, that he can be criticized.

—F. P. Boland, '28.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

Cecil Palmer, W. C., 1927

Gilbert K. Chesterton has won no small measure of fame as a writer of short stories, as a biographer and literateur. He has even ventured forth into the precipitous realm of drama. His success in other forms of writing would lead one to assume that any poetic attempt would perhaps be a further proof of his excellence as a writer of short stories. Poetry is no new venture with Chesterton. A schoolboy effort won him a prize with the poem pronounced as possessing promise. In this "Complete Collection" we have some of the poems of course, the poems by which Chesterton is best known, the most prominent being "Lepanto."

"Lepanto" has been proclaimed as one of the best martial poems we have in English. Certainly there are heights to which it rises never attained by Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade."

Throughout G. K. Chesterton's poetry there runs a note of knight-erranty. He is the poet with a mission, and he proceeds with undiminished vigor, never once losing his poise even in the height of war and battle. He is intent upon showing what men thought worth fighting for, not in victory or success. Poise is his essential quality even in the midst of humor. He finds his difference from contemporary verse-makers in his complete aplomb, unmarred and unchallenged in all his work.

Chesterton's most notable poetic achievement is his "Ballad of the White Horse." He uses the poem to reveal the rival Christian and Pagan ideas when Alfred as a ministrel visits the camp of the Danish King.

As in all his literary works, the ponderous form of Chesterton dominates his poetry, but the domination is in no way undesirable. The "New Poems" find ample opportunity to get in a typically Chestertonian "crack" at contempary figures, among them Dean Inge, and our own little continent, which was recently delighted by a Chestertonian visit. Of the French he says:

"Oh, how I love Humanity,
With love so pure and pringlish
And how I hate the horrid French
Who never will be English."

We close with a resolution to betake ourself forthwith to a dictionary and look up the word "pringlish."

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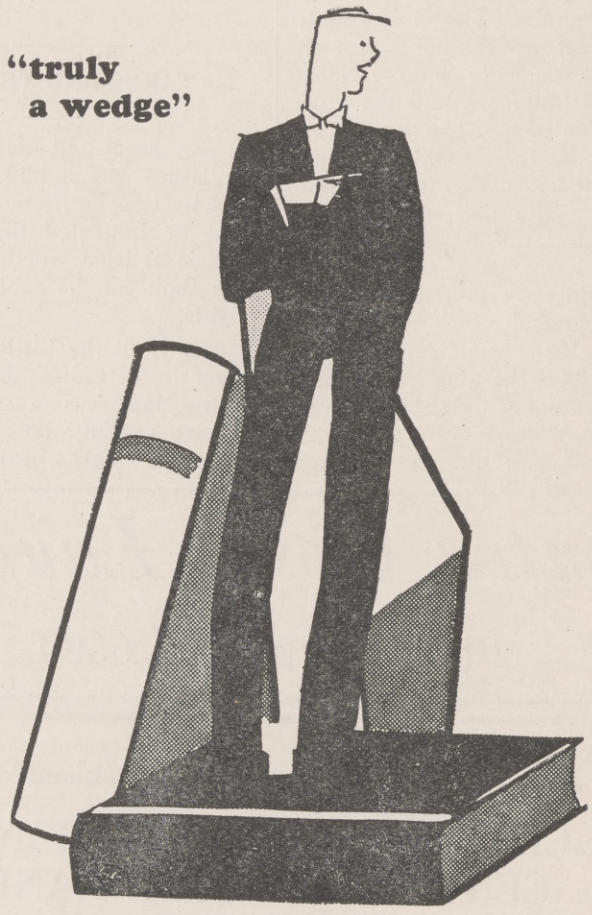

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SAINT FIVE WHIPS BRONCS IN FINAL GAME

WIN SERIES IN BIGGEST UPSET OF THE YEAR

Before five thousand fans who crowded their way into Kezar Pavilion, the Saint Mary's Basketball team soundly trounced their rivals, the Santa Clara Varsity, by a score of 32 to 25. Santa Clara were the strong favorites to win the final game of this series, but the Saints came through and upset the dope bucket. The score at half time was 15 to 8 in favor of the Saints. The game was exceedingly hard-fought, with Santa Clara trying in vain to overcome the lead of the Saints.

The first five minutes of the game were slow with Santa Clara trying to break through a strong Gael defense. Failing at this, Barsi and Maroney, the two Bronco guards, sunk buckets from mid-court to give the Broncos a 4 to 0 lead. Then the fun began. Eddie Tazer went on a spree for the Gaels, and sunk 12 points in a row. Some of the baskets were in the hole, and others were from mid-court, but there were sure a variety of shots, and try as they might, Santa Clara could not stop him. In the meantime, Santa Clara advanced their score to eight. A basket by Skarich, and a free throw by Simas, brought the score to 15 to 8 in favor of the Gaels at the end of the half.

In the second half Frankian, Skarich and Simas did the shooting for the Saints, and Santa Clara would shoot a couple of points, and close the gap between them and the Gaels, but not for long. The game ended with the Saints enjoying the same seven point lead that they held at the end of the first half. The game was marked by the fine all-around playing of the Saint quintet. They hounded the ball, the defense was hard to break through, a fact which the Broncos soon found out, and they made the most of their shots.

The shooting of Eddie Tazer in the first half was one of the features of the game, and his all around court play was the same consistent game that he has played throughout the year. Captain Sig Lien was a star at guard, the Santa Clara forwards could not get by him, and they could not get the ball off the back board at any time during the game, Sig being in there all the time. Pitchford and Simas both played fine games at the other guard position, and Simas shot six points to swell the Saint total. Both looked plenty good on defense, and stopped the Bronco offense on many occasions. Ike Frankian looked great out on the court. He was on the ball at all times, breaking up plays, intercepting passes, and he also rang the hoop for eight points, four field goals. George Skarich, at center, played a nice game, and caged two

(Continued on page 8)

Brother Ralph Back at Post

Fully recovered from his illness, Brother Ralph, Dean of Men, is back at work. Brother Ralph was operated on for tonsil trouble, and was on the sick list for over a week. Now that he is back everyone hopes that he will continue in the well state that he now is. The operation did him a world of good if a healthy appearance means anything, for he appears to possess the proverbial pink of condition.

GAELS SECOND IN LEAGUE

TWO LOSSES TO STANFORD HURT; WIN BRONC SERIES

At the present writing the Varsity baseball team has been in for pretty rough sledding, due to a lack of pitchers. The Saints dropped two out of three to Stanford, the first two games being hard fought, and the third one was won very easily by Stanford. The Saints won the second game by a 2 to 1 score, Hamilton pitching superb ball for the Varsity. Stanford won the other two games by scores of 9 to 8, and 11 to 1, respectively. The team as a whole looked good against Stanford, but the scarcity of twirlers was very costly.

Following the Stanford series the Varsity traveled out to California to take on the Bears, and they came home on the long end of an 11 to 5 score, Illia pitching a very fine game. He had the Bears well under his control, and the Saints walloped the California twirlers all over. The boys had their batting eyes in this game, and Bettencourt, Rooney, Dondero, and Smith all collected their share of the base hits.

Next in order was the Santa Clara series. For various reasons the Broncos were forced to withdraw from the Intercollegiate League this year, and hence the games won or lost did not count in the standings of the teams. However, it was the series with the rivals that counted, and the Varsity was anxious to win the series from the Broncos, so as to make a clean sweep of all athletic contests from Santa Clara. The first game was played in San Jose and was won by Santa Clara, by a score of 10 to 7. The game was bitterly contested, and it was very easy to see that Santa Clara was out to win that game. The next game was played on the Saint Mary's diamond and was won by the Saints, the final score being 10 to 8. In the earlier part of the game the Gaels completely outclassed the Broncos in all departments of the game. At one time the Saints had a 7 to 1 lead. Hamilton, pitching for the Saints, was very effective, especially with men on the

(Continued on page 8)

Father Turco Off For Italy

Father Turco, with the vision of Sunny Italy in his mind, has left for the homeland. Father left for New York on the first leg of his trip which is to end up in Italy, on March 11th. Following New York, Spain will be the next stop, and then Italy. Father Turco has not gone to stay, however, but will be gone only a few months, coming back some time in September. To hear Father express it, California and Saint Mary's have too much of a hold on his affections, and he cannot leave the two for a protracted period of time.

LITERARY SOCIETY MEMBERS CONVENE

At a recent meeting of the A. P. G. U. final arrangements were made concerning the two lectures of Brother Z. Leo which are to be given in San Francisco and Oakland under the auspices of the society. It was made certain that every means had been taken to insure the success of the lectures, which subsequent advertisement has proven.

LOUIS KALICH

Lou Kalich, third baseman for the Freshman baseball team, who was hit in the head by a pitched ball, and his skull fractured, during the first game of the series between the Bear Cubs and the Saint yearlings, is mending slowly but surely, and is now well on the way to recovery. Kalich is at Providence hospital.

SENIORS TO HAVE NOVEL FEED

BARBECUE TO BE HELD IN HILLS OF LIVERMORE

As a parting get-together, the Class of 1928 is to hold a barbecue. The scene of the open air feed is to be Everet Nevin's ranch high in the hills above Livermore.

The barbecue is distinctly Nevin's idea. The menu of the feed is going to consist of barbecued steer, beans, and French bread, and all of this food that the boys can eat. In regard to the last, Nevin is undecided as to the natural capacity of his classmates, and does not know whether he should roast an entire steer or but half a one. The matter will be threshed out shortly, however.

This doings will take place shortly following the conclusion of the Lenten season. The transportation problem has been solved by planning to resort to the school bus to carry the resident students, while a caravan of individual motor vehicles will serve as the means of conveying the others. In conclusion let it be said that this event is not one of the usual vague rumors of this type, but is really coming off. According to a report by Nevin, George De Lew, his sidekick, has already been up and dug the hole for the fire.

Brother Agnon Speaks In San Francisco

On Sunday, March 4, Brother Agnon, in response to a request by Mr. Sylvester Andriano, spoke before the Dante Council of the Knights of Columbus at their annual Communion Breakfast at the Hotel St. Francis in San Francisco. Brother Agnon gave his usual entertaining talk in the characteristic humorous and instructive manner. To quote the hearers, this talk of Brother Agnon's improved their breakfast a hundred percent.

Alumnus Chosen S. F. Supervisor

Sheriff Fitzgerald of San Francisco now has a fellow Alumnus for a running mate. Sylvester Andriano, graduate of this College, and prominent lawyer of San Francisco, has been appointed by Mayor Rolph to succeed the late lamented John Badaracco as Supervisor in San Francisco. Mr. Andriano will be remembered especially by the Senior Class, being one of the speakers in the Transitional Course given especially for the benefit of the last year men.

RALPH MARKO, '27

Ralph Marko, '27, paid a visit to his friends at the College recently. He is teaching prospective generals in the Belmont Military Academy at Del Monte.

BROTHER LEO LECTURES SOON

A. P. G. U. LAYS FINAL PLANS FOR TALKS

The first of the lectures of Brother Leo of Saint Mary's College is to be held in the Elks Club, at 20th and Broadway in Oakland. His topic is "Wisdom from the Poets." The date set for this event is the evening of Tuesday, March 27th, at eight-thirty. The seats are not reserved, so everyone will have to come early to secure the best available.

The San Francisco lecture is to be given two days later, on March 29th, at eight-thirty, in the Scottish Rite Auditorium. It is entitled differently, "Ivory, Apes and Peacocks," being the name given it. There are reserved seats at this performance and so those who intend going are advised to secure their tickets as soon as possible, for, judging by the advance sale among the students and their friends, the place is going to be sold out by the time of the talk.

The purpose of the two lectures is to help the Martinez Novitiate of the Christian Brothers, and is given under the direction of the Alpha Pi Gamma Upsilon, the principal literary society of the College. It will be remembered that the lecture sponsored by this society last year, given in San Francisco by Brother Leo, was very successful, and there is no doubt that this year will mark a repetition of the same, for the reputation of the speaker, coupled with the enthusiasm of those who make up the society, is bound to place the lectures before the public eye.

Senior Classmen Play in Luck

The Seniors are a lucky bunch indeed! Now that the examinations are at an end, the smiles seen on the faces of many of the last year men are on account of this reason, and none other. All Seniors that obtained the mark of 1 or 2 in their respective studies, do not have to take any final tests. This is authentic also, having been passed on by the Dean. When one comes to think of it, no one would blame the Seniors for smiling, would you?

Annual Work Soon Finished

Work on the Collegian Annual is progressing at a rapid rate. The advertising part of the job has been ably handled by Mr. Murphy and his assistants, and is about finished. The zero line for the material for the magazine proper is the end of this month, after that all will be corrected, the finishing touches put on, and all will be sent to press. Printing will begin on April 27, quoting the editor, Mr. Dennis. The final drive for the ticket sale will be made shortly.

EX-FROSH RETAINED BY SAN FRANCISCO BALL CLUB

Frank Tambourini, an ex-member of the present Freshman class, who signed up with the Seals, has been farmed out. The owners of the club have retained a hold on him, as he promises to come through with good form after a little experience.

FROSH TOSSERS WIN HALF THEIR STARTS

LOSE CALIFORNIA SERIES; PLAY ONE TIE WITH RICHMOND HIGH

Since March 3d the Freshman baseball team has played nine games, and have not come out so well. Of these nine contests, they have been returned winners in only three of them, while they lost five, and tied one. Adding on the two wins which they scored before the 3d over Lowell and Commercial High Schools, both of San Francisco, they have won but five out of their ten games this season, giving them an average of .500.

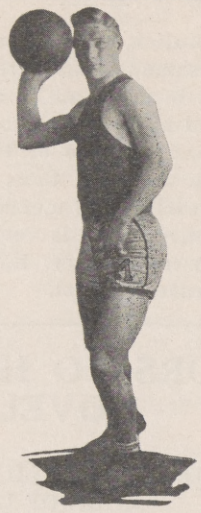
We cannot say, however, that the medicore showing is owing in any way to the lack of ability or fight of the members of the team, or from want of proper coaching. They have plenty of both. Their defeats have been, for the most part, due to hard luck, all of the close contests being decided in the last innings, and in some cases, questionable decisions on the part of the arbitrers caused the tide to go against them.

The chuckers have looked particularly good, with Waite, Matson and Alameda getting their regular turns, and showing up well. The rest of the nine is fielding up to snuff, and hitting very good. The loss of Lou Kalich, who was hurt in the first California Frosh game, has crippled the team somewhat, but nevertheless they look good.

The games and scores thus far this season are as follows:

February 24—Commercial 4	Frosh 12
February 26—Lowell 1	Frosh 9
March 3—California 5	Frosh 3
March 4—Pittsburg 8	Frosh 0
March 8—Mission High 7	Frosh 6
March 10—California 1	Frosh 0
March 13—Tech High 4	Frosh 3
March 14—Berkeley High 4	Frosh 9
March 16—Modesto High 3	Frosh 6
March 17—(Doubleheader)	
First game—Cogswell High 1	Frosh 3
Second game—Richmond 4 (ten innings)	Frosh 4

TWO-TIME CAP.



At a banquet following the close of the basketball season, held at the Athens Athletic Club, "Siggy" Lein, Captain of this year's five, was elected Captain for the second time straight. Lein was unable to play in all the games this year, due to illness. When he did get back into condition, however, he played flawlessly, and especially was his work at guard noticeable in the Santa Clara series. Not only is Lein one of the best men in his position on the entire Coast, but he also is a great inspiration to his players. His second election as captain shows their respect for his ability, and is a very signal honor.

Tennis Team in Two Matches

The tennis team started out its season with a win over the Alameda Elks, seven matches to two. This was on March 4th. On the following Sunday, March 11th, they met the Bella Vista team, and tied with them, winning and losing four matches. All the matches were held at the college courts. Lopez, Higgins, Cleary, and Clause were all outstanding in the play.

Bettencourt Shifted In Gael Lineup

The noticeable shift in the Saint lineup is in the case of Larry Bettencourt. He started out the baseball season behind the bat for the Saints. Immediately, however, his hitting fell off, and it was thought that holding down the backstop job hurt his batting eye. Therefore he has been shifted to his old job at third base, with Kasperowicz catching. The change seems to have gotten the desired effect, seeing that his batting average is beginning to climb.

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EIGHT CAGERS GET LETTERS

SKARICH ONLY MAN LOST FOR NEXT SEASON

Having played the required number of minutes necessary to win their block-letters, the following are the letter men of the 1928 basketball team: Captain Sig Lien, Eddie Tazer, George Skarich, Ike Frankian, Butch Simas, Heinie Driscoll, Cal Pitchford, and Roger Sears.

George Skarich, who played consistently throughout the year, and especially in the Santa Clara series, will be the only man lost to the team next season. Captain Sig Lien, Ike Frankian, Eddie Tazer, and Heinie Driscoll are all Juniors, and still have another year of competition. Simas, Pitchford and Sears are sophomores and still have two years more to play.

The team looks to be all set for next season, and if they take up where they left off this year, they should clean up.

Alumni Head New San Francisco Move

Sylvester Andriano and William Lowery, two prominent Alumni of Saint Mary's College, who have been known for their activities in the Young Men's Institute Forum, are now heading another laudable movement. This is the Good Friday Movement in San Francisco which has for its purpose the closing of all business houses during the hours from twelve to three in honor and commemoration of the Three Hours Agony. These men are working under the supervision of Archbishop Edward J. Hanna. They represent the model type of active Catholic laymen.

JUNIOR PROM PLANS MADE

TO BE FORMAL AFFAIR; SCENE HOTEL ALAMEDA

The Alameda Hotel is to witness the Annual Hop of the Junior Class. In a meeting that has been recently held, this class decided that they would alter proceedings somewhat from former years and make this affair a formal one. This will lend an air to the entertainment of the year that will properly finish the activities of the Juniors for the year. It will be the proper finale.

The tentative date for the dance is on the first Friday of May, and unless something unwarranted happens, this will be the day. The committee is working on the matter of the orchestra at present, and promises to have a good one selected after a proper consideration of the various bids they received. The final decisions will be forthcoming in the next issue when the matter will be arranged in all its details.

DR. McGETTIGAN IN ST. PATRICK'S DAY TOURNAMENT

In the line-up for the golf tournament between the Irish and the Italians, Dr. McGettigan's name was listed under the Italians. His son, Kevin, a student at the College accounted for it by the fact that his father is from the "Far Downs" of Ireland.

The Dean of the College, Brother Ralph, was under the care of Dr. McGettigan during his recent illness.

ANDY HOUSE STILL WITH SEATTLE CLUB

Andy House, '27, pitcher on last year's championship Phoenix, is making a name for himself on the Seattle Baseball Club. The managers of the club expect great things from Andy during the coming season.

Senior Class Plans Formal

Following the last meeting of the Senior Class, the committee appointed to attend to arrangements for the giving of the annual formal dance, immediately began to function. So far nothing but tentative plans have been made. Concerning the date of the affair, the second week in May will probably be selected. As for the scene of the dance, the choice rests between the Hotel Alameda and the Terrace of the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco. Seeing, however, that the Junior Prom is being held at the Hotel Alameda, the Seniors will probably hold theirs at the latter place.

CHARLEMAGNE CLUB IN MEETING

The Charlemagne Club held a meeting on February 29 at which papers on Frederick Hebbel and Bismark were read by Keller and Gillen. It was also decided to hold a basketball game between the French and German Departments, which took place on Saturday, March 3, the French Department winning 22 to 18. The principal feature of the game was the remarkable work of "Little Giant" Gillen, the dashing French forward.

SENIOR MAN IN S. F. SPEECH

At the Robert Emmet Celebration in San Francisco held recently, Mr. Edwin Regan of the Senior Class interpreted the character of the Irish hero in the play given to show the trial and death of this man. Knowing the ability of Mr. Regan as manifested in his many activities about the college of a forensic nature, it may be understood that the audience was given a treat that they enjoyed greatly.

The oration of the day was delivered by Professor James J. O'Grady who will be remembered as having taught at this college a short time ago. The whole affair was conducted by the Knights of the Red Branch, an organization devoted to the interests of Ireland and Irishmen.

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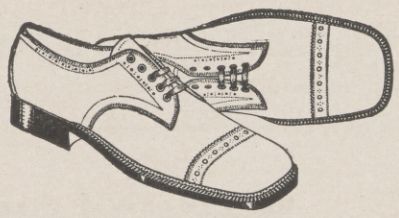

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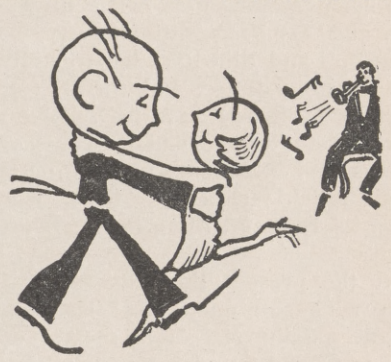

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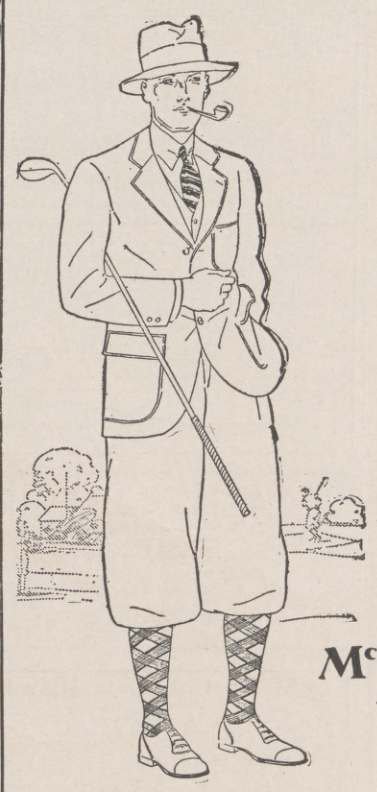

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VARSITY BASEBALL

(Continued from page 5)

bases. He fanned fourteen of the Broncos, and held them in check in the first few innings, but the Broncos kept plugging away and came close towards the end of the game, but Hamilton had enough in reserve to stop them. The third and final game was played in San Jose, and the Saints were returned the winners by a 7 to 2 score. Illia pitched for the Saints, and tied the Broncos up in knots. The game was close up to the eighth inning when Casanova blew up and a walk, coupled with Rooney's three-bagger ruined the ball game.

Since the last edition of the paper, some changes have been made in the Saint line-up. Bettencourt has been moved back to third base, and he seems to have found himself in the last two games. Dondero, who played third at the start of the season, has been shifted back to short in place of Silva, who was benched. The outfield remains the same, with the exception that Ackerman has alternated at different times with Seghetti in right field. The team as a whole has played good ball and have hit consistently. Toots Kasper has been catching nice ball behind the log, and has been hitting pretty well. Hamilton and Illia have been handling the pitching duties, and for the most part have pitched good ball. Like all pitchers, they have had their ups and downs, and if the club had one or two more reliable chuckers they would have fairly easy sailing in the Conference.

At the present time Stanford with two wins and one defeat leads the league. Saint Mary's is second with two wins and two defeats, and California is last with no wins and one defeat.

Over the week-end, California journeyed down South and lost the first game of their series to the University of Southern California. Other than this there has been no news received regarding any other games played by the southern members of the Conference.

The season is young yet, however, and Stanford's winning of the pennant is by no means sure. If the Gaels or Bears win the big majority of the rest of their contests, or if U. C. L. A. or U. S. C. does, a hitherto unforseen winner may be crowned. If the Gaels tighten up, and play the smart brand of ball they are capable of, with the pitchers making trouble for the opposing batsmen, then they have a very good chance of winning the league pennant again. If they don't, however, they are very liable to finish way down in the season's standings. Thus far, in the games played up in this vicinity, there has been very little to choose between either the Cards, Gaels, or Bears, very little tight baseball being played by any of the three nines.

VARSITY CAGERS

(Continued from page 5)

pretty buckets. Connolly, the Bronco center, is tall, but George made him either get way up in the air or else he took the jump away from him.

Defeating the Broncos decisively in two games was a big feather in Coach Conlan's cap. With all the dope favoring the Broncos, "Dutch" put a great team out on the floor, and as a result the victory of the Broncos in 1926 was somewhat nullified. The Saints have now won six out of the last seven cage series from Santa Clara, a very good record.

Below is the line-up and the points made by the members of both quintets:

SAINT MARY'S—

	Fg.	Ft.	Pts.
Frankian, lf.	4	0	8
Tazer, rf.	6	2	14
Skarich, c.	2	0	4
Pitchford, lg.	0	0	0
Simas, lg.	2	2	6
Lien, rg.	0	0	0
Totals	14	4	32

SANTA CLARA—

	Fg.	Ft.	Pts.
Sherman, lf.	0	0	0
Gough, rf.	2	4	8
Connolly, c.	2	3	7
Barsi, lg.	3	0	6
Maroney, rg.	2	0	4
Reynolds, f.	0	0	0
McNealy, f.	0	0	0
Regan, c.	0	0	0
Totals	9	7	25

DANIEL DORAN ADDRESSES SENIORS

Daniel E. Doran, '12, recently addressed the Senior Class in a very interesting talk concerning journalism. Mr. Doran is interested in the campaign of Senator Reed for President. He is also a member of the National Catholic Welfare Committee.

DR. T. T. SHEA, '11

Dr. T. T. Shea, '11, spoke to the Senior Class in regard to doing graduate work a few weeks ago. Dr. Shea received his degree from Stanford after attending the Brothers' schools in San Francisco and Oakland.

WILLIAM YORE, ex '27

Bill Yore, '27, paid a visit to the school recently. He is now working as a salesman for Grimetts Sporting Goods Store.

Collegian Loses Staff Member

The Collegian is sorry to say that it has lost a very valuable member of its staff. Dan O'Brien, one of the best news reporters of the year, is gone. On account of financial troubles, Dan was forced to take a leave of absence from college. O'Brien was a regular contributor, and a faithful one, handling all the Junior Class news, and whatever else around school that he could ferret out. As far as occupations go, Dan is undecided what he will do now that he has left. He will probably continue working on the staff of Radio Station KPO in San Francisco, a position he held during school.

ALFRED COLLINS, '27

Al Collins, '27, was a recent visitor to the College. At present Al is a son of leisure. He made the trip to Modesto with Red Strader and his Freshman baseball team.

Senior Member Addresses Econ Club

The Economics Club of the College met on Friday evening, the 16th of this month, and was spoken to by George De Lew, who read a paper on the economic principles of Henry George. This is one of a series of papers of a similar nature prepared by the members and read to and discussed by the members of the Club. The discussions are animated and very lively, giving the topics an interest that is not at first noted in such subjects. This very active association is planning to have several men prominent in the business world, particularly that of foreign trade, address them on this topic as so many of them are entering this field.

"MIKE" LINEHAN, ex-'29

"Mike" Linehan, ex-'29, is now working in San Francisco. Linehan has a good position with the Anglo California Trust Co.

HUMOR

Sometime ago a golfer died, and following went to heaven. Arriving at the Pearly Gate, he met St. Peter.

"Have you golf links here?" he inquired.

"No," answered St. Peter.

"Well, I don't want to ge here then, where is a place for the dead where there is golf links?"

"They have golf links down in Hell, but if you go there, you'll have to stay.'

The golfer was willing, however, and down he went, and Satan met him at the gate.

"Is it true you have golf links here?" the golfer asked.

"Sure," said Satan, "follow me," and he led him to the links.

"Man, these are sure a beautiful links," said the golfer after a careful survey, "get out the sticks and balls, and we'll have a game."

"But we have no sticks or balls," said Satan.

"No sticks or balls—what's the idea," angrily cried the golfer.

"That's the hell of it," answered Satan, laughing fiendishly.

AFTER THE ROUND-UP

In the early days of the World War the officer in charge of a British post deep in the heart of Africa received a wireless message from his chief:

"War declared. Arrest all enemy aliens in your district."

A few days later the chief received this communication:

"Have arrested seven Germans, three Belgians, four Spaniards, five Frenchmen, a couple of Swedes, an Argentinian and an American. Please inform me whom we are at war with."—Watchman-Examiner.

"How was the new play?"

"Amusing to listen to, but improper to talk about."—Washington Star.

Our idea of the world's softest job: Shoemaker for Lindbergh.—Life.

She—No, I can't be your wife. Won't you please go away and forget me?

He—How can I? I'm a memory expert.—Life.

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